

Akala Lyrics

“War”

[Skit/freestyle: Akala]

Akala means it can't be moved
Wise tug I stand firm like Muhammad or Malcolm
I won't budge, face it, this gyal naked or scrolls sacred
I'm the worst thing from England since the slave shit
Rappers still so real, it's time
Hit you so hard I separate your thoughts from your mind
Wizard of written kid, blizzards spittin' I'm so cold
Fassies get exposed by my snub-nosed flow
My 12-gauge frays at close range and make you levitate
Like David Blaine, it ain't no game
Bredrin if you real, roll with it
This is the movement, it's Akala blud and you can't move it
[Verse 1: Akala]
Just another strap burst, another black cursed, packed church
Another black man in a hearse before his 21st
Same story to tell all over the world
Crack sales, packed jails, sports, music on sale
Shoot 3 points or score goals
Just the slang's different, you'll relate to my flow
Hoes suck dick when your neck all froze
And you're known to move stone cold duppying foes
What you know, about single mums on the dole?
Had to hustle, raising 3 kids on their own
That's why I'm so grimy now, gotta give her the credit
She was always grinding, so for me it's genetic
No matter what, won't stop till my mum's living lavish
Shopping trips to Paris, till then, you faggots have had it
Talk a lot but you can't do shit to me
Shells among your iceberg will make you history

[Hook: Akala] x2

"There's a war going on outside no man is safe from" -
[Sample from Mobb Deep's Survival Of The Fittest]
You can't crumble or stumble, you gotta stay strong
Show these suckers on top getting preyed on
Concrete streets, the heat'll leave you laid on

[Verse 2: Akala]

It's the jungle where the prey turned killer
Streets is a gym where man work out there to improve their fitness
Bigger weight you push, the bigger you get
Not the size of your pecs, but your cheques and your reps
Niggas is partners too take turns for sex

One run his mouth the other do reps with his index
You talk real slick but don't really want shit
Man I stock more magazines than WHSmith
And I ain't glorifying nuttin', just reality
Make no man, mishandle my dough or my family
Shit'll get worse than prison for pedophiles and snitches
Cut you so wide you'll need a rope for your stitches
Teach one but I fear none, I ain't just spittin'
Mine or your mum's gonna cry then my eardrum's ringing
'Cause shit, my mum's already lost 4 infants
The 3 boys then only me, that's why I'm so militant
[Hook x2]

I'm only 19 but my mind is older
I'm Europe's youngest black company owner
[?] the style of wireless on this whole island
Shit's so rowdy, burst your eardrum when I'm miming
I walk jeans sagging, [?]
It's hard to believe my GCSEs improved the nation's average
And these dicks think they know me well
The only thing hotter than my flow is the shells
[?] receivers go missing
The way I [?] it can't be fixed by positions
Play your position, before I stop rapping start spitting
And you little bitches resting in ditches
No one too credible for attention to medical
Slugs encase your cerebral, make you a vegetable
Heat's unbearable, these streets are terrible
Kids are eating food even though it's inedible

[Hook x2]